

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

GEORGE F. GREENE, N. Y.
ROBERT C. HALLOCK, O.
THEODORE POTTER, O.

WILLIAM W. SCUDDER, JR., CONN.
WILLIAM G. SUTPHEN, N. J.
ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, KY.

MANAGING EDITORS:

GEORGE L. DAY, N. Y.

GEORGE Y. TAYLOR, N. J.

CHARLES DENBY, JR., IND., *Treasurer.*

Vol. XXXVII.

OCTOBER, 1881.

No. 3.

SHIF'LESS.

PRIZE STORY, BY W. G. SUTPHEN, '82, OF N. J.

"Hullo Shif'less, yer lazy vagabond, climb right out yere, or I'll tend to yu powerful smart," and Mr. County Poor-house Overseer Davins drew himself up to his full height and glared fiercely around the yard in search of the luckless delinquent. "Like enough," muttered Mr. Davins, "he's down in the vil-lage, 'longside of them cussed Yanks, n' I'll allow he alluz wuz one of them himself, from the moughty mean way he came tu the poor-house yere. This yere county's been bringin' up and eddicatin' that vagabond fur nigh onto twenty years, n' wots tu show fur it? Wot kin he do? Nothin,' 'cept makin' coffins, tu save his blessed neck,—though thet same is likely tu be a valluble trade ef this yere fightin' goes on," this last with a sudden in-spiration. "Ah, yu come back, hev yu," he exclaimed, as a

long, shambling, loose-jointed figure suddenly appeared from some mysterious retreat. "Mebbe yu didn't like tu leave yu old friends 'thout saying good-bye." "I haint got no call from the Po'house Board tu clar out, hev I?" said Shif'less in alarm. "Who talkin' about the Board," returned Mr. Davins, contemptuously. "It's yu own designin' n' desprit wicked heart thets leadin' yu away from this yere Christin' n' happy home jest when yu beginnin' tu arn somethin' fur the benefit of the county which is reely yu parient. Howsomdever, don't let anything of this yere kind happen agin," and Mr. Davins threw in a significant gesture, whose emphasis seemed fully appreciated by the culprit.

"Now fur bizniss," said Mr. Davins cheerfully. "How many hev yu got?" "Got only one No. 1," said Shif. with alacrity, now that this unpleasant cloud had blown over. "Thar haint bin no call 'cept fur No. 2's n' No. 4's this fall." "Wall, I tell yu, Shif.," said Mr. Davins impressively, "this yere wah is comin' on mighty lively, n' yu cahnt tell wots agoin tu happen till it does happen," and then struck with the force of this bit of philosophy he stopped to bite off a huge piece of "Virginia Twist" and seat himself on a convenient log. "Yu 'll allow," continued the overseer, "thet whar thars considerbul fightin' thar's likely tu be considerbul maulin'. Now wots tu hinder me n' you from taking advantage of the sitivation? Yu see, Shif., them Yanks are powerful high-sperited fellers, n' they'd sooner not die at all then tu think they 'ud be buried 'thout any rosewood coffin n' fixins', n' they say that the only way the Yankee ginral kin keep 'em in the ranks at all is by promisin' 'em all a hahnsome set out. Now its like enuff thet the Yank kunnle campin' down in the village 'ud buy up any amount of fust-class coffins jest tu delude 'em intu thinking wot a moughty fine plantin' ther agoin' tu hev." Mr. Davins stopped to take breath and annihilate an unhappy bee with a skillfully-directed stream of old Virginia. "Now ef yu go right tu work yu kin easily block out enuff fur the whole regiment, n' I'll engage yu half a bit on each one," he continued in a totally uncalcu-

lated and reckless burst of generosity. "Anyhow, yu 'll hev tu make some fur home consumption, fur old Daddy Hendee cahnt last much longer, nor Jim Wilder, nuther." Mr. Davins rose and walked leisurely down the street, while Shif. lounged lazily off towards the cellar. Nobody regarded him, and why should they? Twenty years ago they had found him on the steps of the poor-house, encased in an old United States flag, and sublimely indifferent to the cares and vexations of this weary world. The poor-house generously adopted him, took in trust his sole earthly heritage, clothed him in a bean sack, provided him with unlimited "cohn pone" for his daily bread, while some wag bestowed on him the sobriquet of Shiftless, familiarly bobtailed into Shif.

Shif. grew up in happy idleness until he arrived at years of discretion, and then the overseer wisely considering the possibilities of future usefulness in him, resolved to turn him to account. So Shif. went to work in accordance with a novel plan educed from the profound brains of Mr. Davins himself, and one which he took great pride in detailing. "Yu see, sir," Mr. Davins would say, "afore I got Shif. tu work it used tu be moughty expensive fur the county tu hev folks die in the po'house. Then I had tu go n' hev a coffin made tu order n' it 'ud cost eight or ten shillins every clip. So I jest sot down n' considered thet thet air Shif. could make jist good enuff boxes fur any one who's so moughty mean as tu die on the county, n' that they wouldn't cost more than two bits apiece, nohow. I lets him make only four sizes, No. 1, fur men, No. 2, fur wimmen, 3 n' 4 fur children. I jest order up from Shif.'s stock the number I want, n' ef thet don't fit it's their own lookout. I alluz make him keep a heavy stock on hand fur criseses."

In consideration of the county's generosity in affording Shif. this liberal education, the Hon. William Davins held that he was morally and legally bound to exercise his talents for the benefit of said county in general and Mr. Davins in particular, and it must be confessed that Shif. took to his profession very naturally and followed it very contentedly.

Certainly not much to admire in him as he stands on the cellar steps; a loose-jointed figure headed by a flaxen thatched poll, light-blue eyes and thin, pinched cheeks, arms and legs painfully aware of their existence, and ridiculously disproportionate to his small, shrunken body. Poor Shif. knew his trade thoroughly, but beyond that Mr. Davins' system of education did not carry him. He had a dim idea that there was a "powerful lot of fightin'" going on somewhere, but that didn't concern him.

His sole earthly possession was the old American flag he was found in, and he regarded it with a superstitious reverence, although never, perhaps, fully comprehending its import. That very afternoon he had strayed into the village, and beheld, to his astonishment, a detachment of blue-coated soldiers, whom the inhabitants of the little West Virginian village scowled and hooted at as they took possession of the church steeple and hoisted thereon a piece of bunting that Shif. recognized as like his own. Shif. was fascinated with it as it waved in the afternoon breeze, and at last ventured to inquire of a soldier what it all meant, and learned to his intense amazement the causes and events that had led to this hitherto inexplicable "maulin' n' fightin'." Shif. stood watching its crimson folds tossing and waving over the "meetin'-house," and then carefully compared it with his own. The inspection seemed to satisfy him, and he disappeared quickly into the cellar. It was dark and damp, and piled up on all sides stood Shif.'s stock in trade, across which large numbers of rats, disturbed at his entrance, scampered in headlong haste to their respective places of abode. Not exactly a prepossessing sleeping apartment, but then Shif. was used to that sort of thing. The sun had gone down and Shif. decided to go to bed. His preparations for retiring, as may be imagined, were soon accomplished, and he quickly disposed of his person in the solitary No. 1, with his old flag for pillow and counterpane. Shif. lay quiet and still in the fast-gathering twilight, listening to the busy hum of the locusts and crickets, and revolving in his own queer fashion the novel ideas and incidents of the day.

The old flag under his head, and its counterpart floating above the "meetin'-hhuse," and the blue-coats down in the village, all seemed inextricably tangled and mixed up. It was getting late, and Shif. was sleepy, when the subdued hum of conversation fell upon his ear. Cautiously raising himself, he looked out and caught a glimpse of two shadowy forms about entering his private apartments. "Yu sure," said a voice which Shif. recognized as appertaining to old Colonel Bates, commanding county militia, "thar ain't no one around?" "Yaas, Kunnle," returned the other voice, undeniably belonging to a man known as Hampshire Joe, "yeou kin bet your chips on it." "All right," returned the Colonel, "but it won't do tu hev this business known till the time comes. Yu see," he continued, "we hev got this as solid as a nut. My Jake, he's powerful smart, and he got himself captured as a reb deserter by the Yanks, 'n guv out thar wasn't no rebs around inside of thirty miles. Then when them Yanks got 'emselves fixed, I sent down Sam tu Cap'n Devine at the Notch, 'n he'll cotch 'em all tu night. Yer tu go down to the crik, 'n guide 'em up. I hate them pizon Yanks," he continued, earnestly, "it makes me sick to see 'em chawing white bread 'n drinking real coffee, jist like Jedge Morgan over on the hill. Come along now, 'n get fixed, fur thet cussed flag hez got tu come down." The men cautiously left the cellar and disappeared. Shif. in his narrow bed, earnestly debated concerning this unexpected information. Should he go and inform the Yankee Colonel of the trap so artfully prepared, "'n git shot fur gammoning him? Not much." Still, Colonel Bates' last words about the flag worried him. Jumping up, he went outside and looked down the road. There it waved, undisturbed as ever. "Guess I mought climb up into the steeple," he thought, "'n then ef anything does happen, I kin let him know." A few minutes brought him to the church. Raising a window-sash, he cautiously swung himself into the empty room. The key was in the belfry steps, and Shif. found no difficulty in gaining admission into the steeple. The rafters were thickly covered with dust and cobwebs, and scores of bats

and one dignified old owl stared in indignant surprise at the audacious invader. Shif. stepped forth on the platform by the bell. All was quiet down the road, and far beyond he could see the creek glistening in the beams of the November moon. The lights were out in the village, and far below, the blue-coats slumbered peacefully in their white tents. Lying by the bell was a large stone-mason's hammer, and Shif. carelessly picked it up and placed it on the window ledge. How cold the wind whistled around his airy perch! Shif. shivered, and drew his old flag yet closer around his scantily-covered person as he crouched upon the window sill, his eyes earnestly fixed on the lonely road leading to the Notch. Look! what was that which glistened in the moonlight? Was it the flash of a bayonet, or only the water of the creek as it tumbled over its rocky bed? And then that muffled noise—could it be the creaking of the old steeple as it swayed in the rising wind? Shif. leaned far out over the rough balustrade, and gazed intently down the road. There could be no mistake; that swiftly-moving mass must be Captain Devine and his men. How could he warn the unconscious sleepers below? His eye fell upon the hammer, and then upon the old bell. Already the men were entering with noiseless steps the street below. Grasping the huge hammer, Shif. struck the old bell, and its iron clang rang out sharp and clear. Again he raised the hammer, and again the bell gave forth its deep-mouthed warning. Look! a light below in the camp; and now the loud shouts of the officers mingle with the deep roll of the drum calling the blue-coats to quarters. The dark line falters for an instant, and then rushes madly forward, only to melt away in quivering heaps beneath a blinding storm of leaden hail. Bayonets flash brightly in the moonbeams for an instant and then veil their lustre in a crimson stain, while the oaths and cries of the wounded and dying rise upon the breeze, mingled with the sharp roll of the musketry and the loud clang of sword and bayonet, and still Shif. swings the ponderous hammer in blind, unreasoning frenzy, and still the old bell answers the summons with its deep-toned warning.

Tap comes another stroke upon the bell, but this time Shif. is not responsible, and the heavy hammer falls from his nerveless fingers. He grasps it with his left hand, and again the bell tolls on, while the pandemonium below grows louder, and the moon withdraws her pale, pure light, as though unwilling to longer behold "man's inhumanity to man."

Shif. looks up. The flag still floats, but hark! A whistling sound that was not the wind, and the splinters from the framework of the bell fall around him. The tumult below grows fainter; the rebs are falling back, and Captain Devine is off to the Notch again. Shif. stoops to raise the hammer for one last blow, but hold—a blinding, dizzy world of light, a blurring, deadly, mist, and then a horror of thick darkness.

* * * * *

"I'll allow ez how Hampshire Joe fixed that tarnation scalamag, Shif.," said Colonel Bates, the next morning. "Yer jist right," said Mr. Devine, mournfully, "'n he spiled by it a moughty nice bizness me 'n Shif. was intu. S'pose I'll hev tu give him thet old No. 1 he alluz slept in. He won't want no linin' 'sides thet old flag."

SWINBURNE'S HISTORICAL TRAGEDIES.

Swinburne's success in reproducing the classic tragedy can not well be gainsayed. His "Atalanta" at once gave him a place in literature, and gathered around him a band of admirers who delight to dilate on his merits and claim for him a rank above even Tennyson and Browning. The genius of the newly-risen poet was peculiarly fitted to the task he had essayed. His perfect command of language and ability to mold it into most harmonious verse, his light, graceful fancy and lyric spirit, admirably reproduced the Greek chorus, and though sometimes stiff and

artificial, the "Atalanta" was a promising work, and critics hailed its author as a master poet of the coming generation. Greeted so auspiciously at the very start, the new poet has busily plied his pen and sent forth from time to time new volumes of verse. No longer does he confine his genius to classic themes, but exercises it in various fields. Prominent among his non-classical works are his historical tragedies, "Chastelard" and "Bothwell," dealing with the scenes and events of the times of Mary Stuart.

That these dramas are a success as historical representations, we think few will affirm. The historical dramatist must possess peculiar talents. He must have a broad, comprehensive intellect, able to grasp characters and events, and forgetting all partisan feelings, weigh them critically, so that his characters shall stand forth true to fact and sense. Such talent Shakespeare displays in "Julius Cæsar," and, though his "Cæsar" may not be our "Cæsar" we cannot but feel that he has given us a natural and rational character. Swinburne shows none of this historic spirit. He is ever a partisan, and his readers cannot help feeling that they are looking at history through a colored glass. But not only does Swinburne color events, he even perverts them. Let us take "Chastelard" as an example. The story upon which it is founded is as follows: Chastelard, a French poet, fell in love with Mary Queen of Scots, and, to quote Froude, "interpreting her behavior and perhaps her words too favorably, he one night concealed himself in her bedroom," and being revealed by her outcries, was led away by Murray, and confessing the worst intentions with wild bravado, was executed a week later in the Market Place at St. Andrew's, chanting a love song as he died. Mary refused the least grace to the culprit. Such is the brief record upon which Swinburne has constructed his tragedy, but in what a way he has done it! Every act is colored with his malignity toward Mary; she is made to profess the most unbounded love for the culprit while she signs his death warrant; she even visits him alone in his cell, offering him a reprieve, and addresses him as "My love,

sweet love;" and still more to blacken her character, this fictitious amour is made contemporaneous with her marriage to Darnley, an event which really happened two years after Chastelard's execution. The most ardent admirer of Swinburne can offer no apology for such perversion and garbling of history as this. It is below the dignity of poetry, which should interpret and not pervert fact.

But Swinburne's failure is not only historical, but also dramatic. The essential idea of the drama is that it represents life and events by pictures or scenes. The dramatist presents only the essential in history, discarding the non-essential as profitless and bewildering. But Swinburne's readers must wade through page after page of tiresome and unimportant dialogue, when the presentation of a few striking scenes would have been far more interesting and effective. As a result of his plan, we have in "*Bothwell*" a drama of fifteen thousand lines with no unity and little vividness. Instead of a single catastrophe, almost every act has its catastrophe. The murders of Rizzio and Darnley presented in the first three acts, mar the final catastrophe and destroy the unity of the whole. "*Chastelard*" may be considered as a better work of art, and yet there is something so unworthy of tragedy in making the execution of a criminal the catastrophe, that we cannot wonder at Lowell saying, "*Over 'Chastelard'* we need not spend much time. It is at best a school exercise of a young poet."

Swinburne seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in choosing his subjects. Chastelard and Bothwell are the desperadoes of history, and to attempt to build upon them an enduring literary reputation seems a piece of blind folly. But to ascribe to such characters a fictitious nobleness, and by thus doing malign purer characters, is far worse, and lays the author open to condemnation on moral grounds.

While these dramas thus show the defects of the author, they also abound in evidences of his genius. There are scenes of beauty and strength, flashes of genius and poetic power mingled with the dross. There is always a grace and harmony in the

verse structure, and the occasional songs often flash with lyric genius. The author's failure is owing not to his lack of genius, but to his use of it. He aims too high. He has aimed to found a new school of poetry, and has failed, but in the failure he has shown us that he could gain a high place in literature if he would be content, like our own Longfellow and Whittier, to strike the simpler and, to the people, the sweeter chords of song.

A MODERN UARDA.

She is not beautiful, as was Ebers' heroine; nor has she a daughter of Rameses to befriend her. In fact, she knows nothing of the great past of the Nile valley, which is her home; the ruins are familiar landmarks to her, and as she sits now beneath a ruined temple wall, on which are recorded the warlike deeds of some great Pharaoh, her thoughts are not of him, nor of the Assyrian monarchs who walked captives in the train of his chariot. She is watching the doves as they settle themselves for the night in the cotes which adorn the roof of her father's mud hut. She is fond of the doves, and they love her for her care, despite that European eyes find so little beauty in her dark skin and plain features. There are others beside the doves who love her. It is of her that her mother is now thinking as she grinds the meal of the household between two flat stones. The thought of his daughter often cheers her old father as he works day after day by the bank of the Nile, wearily drawing water for the irrigation of the neighboring fields of cotton and beans. A thankless task, this, and so he often thinks as the nearly vertical rays of the sun scorch his naked body, for when the harvest has been gathered in, then come the tax-gatherers, and the best part of the year's produce goes to enrich the Khedive and his officers. But the thought of his wrongs vanishes when he finds his

daughter waiting his return after his work, and he thanks Allah, who has so richly blessed his house. The fact that they have one object to love, and one being in the world who loves them, has saved this poor couple from the dumb despair which fills the life of so many of these poor Egyptians, ground down by poverty and taxation. She is the child of their old age, and they love her as Jacob loved Joseph. There is one other who loves her, and as she sits now beside the temple wall watching the doves, she becomes aware of the approach of her lover. They often meet thus at evening, and the temple which once witnessed the stately festivals in honor of Osiris and Isis now hears the story of their childish love. For they are but children, he seventeen, and she barely in her sixteenth year, and they love as children do, with intense enjoyment of the present, and little outlook into the future.

There is nothing romantic in their love, but it is very real. He used often to meet her returning from the Nile with water for household use, her earthen jar balanced skillfully on her head, her face half covered with a coarse blue veil, and her whole person from her head downwards draped in a long, flowing gown. She seemed beautiful in his eyes, and beautiful she was, judged by the Egyptian standard. He had no flowers to bring her, as the young prince Rameri brought a rose to Uarda of old. Poor fellow! his life knew little of beauty in form, or scent, or color. But she was content with his love without presents, and in the figurative language of the East, would call him her camel, her jack-ass. Ridiculous as this may sound to European ears, it was the language of true affection. But this evening they both sit very quiet in the sunset glow, looking upon the magic scene which is so familiar to them. A magic scene indeed it is, for the sun has just gone down amid the sands of the western desert, the line of Libyan hills glows with its reflected radiance, and a full half of the sky blazes with brilliant scarlet, to whose depth and fiery redness no European sunset can afford a comparison. In the near distance a clump of date palms stands, their graceful forms clearly cut upon the brilliant background of the western

sky, and beside them stands a camel as motionless as if he were a relic of the days of the Pharaohs. The fiery glow of the sunset lasts far into the night, and as it gradually fades, our lovers rise and stroll into the precincts of the ancient temple. Often before now they have wandered together through these stately courts and ruined colonnades, and wondered whence came these mighty relics of the past. But of their origin they know nothing, save that they were built before the time of their grandfathers, or their great-grandfathers. Greater antiquity than that is to them what space beyond the limits of matter is to the wise man. As they linger amid the dreariness of decayed grandeur, the moon rises and the intense stillness of the early evening is broken. From the distant hills comes the howling of the jackals, in the burial ground the women are wailing for the dead, while from the shrine of the Egyptian god comes the melancholy hoot of the owl, a sign that the greatness of Egypt is departed. But along with these comes another sound, a heavy step crosses the temple court-yard, and presently a heavy hand is laid upon the boy's arm, while a gruff voice exclaims: "Ah! here is the young rascal. We have searched long for you. You are wanted down the river."

They both know the meaning of these words, for a few miles down the Nile stands one of the Khedive's great sugar mills, where hundreds of poor natives are employed in tending the fires and the machines, receiving a mere pittance for their labor, and sometimes falling victims to the heated and unwholesome atmosphere. Thither the young Egyptian must go, and the thought of what he leaves and what awaits him raises a feeling of bitter hatred in his heart against the power which has inflicted this misery upon him. As for her she feels neither hatred nor anger, but an overwhelming sense of despair which swallows up every other emotion. This, then, is the end of all their hopes and dreams. Thus was her brother taken, and now again the blow has fallen. A few hurried words and he is gone, for both know that resistance and entreaty are unavailing. She stands motionless in the moonlight, watching his figure until it disappears

between the huge propylæ of the temple. Then slowly and mechanically she turns towards her home.

Months have gone by. On the rough floor of the mill a gang of workmen lie asleep, waiting for the time to come when they must relieve their comrades. The faces of most of them wear a look of stolid indifference, begotten by long suffering. But the countenance of one is lit up by a happy smile. We have seen him before, and he is now dreaming of that evening in the old temple, of the moonlight and of the bright future which then seemed before him. His dreams are pleasant and his sleep is sound, for he hears not the harsh voice of his task-master, he is not awakened even by a kick. His face still wears a smile, and the overseer turns away muttering a single word, "Dead."

The maiden whom he loved still lives. She never weeps, never complains. But in her eyes there is the suffering look of a dumb animal, and a silent sorrow is consuming her life. Her father wonders why his hut seems so much darker, and why his daughter is no longer the cheerful, happy little maiden she used to be. Her mother watches over her with anxious care, but who can heal a broken heart? She will not be long parted from her lover, and their spirits will meet again in the paradise whither go the souls of the faithful followers of the prophet whom they both revered.

THE POEMS OF OSCAR WILDE.

The English æsthetes have for some time past attracted the attention of the public. This attention, it is true, has generally been of the nature of ridicule; so much so that many, no doubt, have long since come to look upon their mission as the supplying of *Punch* with its inimitable caricatures. And yet the society referred to has steadily held to its course, ready and eager to work out its destiny, whatever that may be.

Moving upon a higher plane than other mortals, casting aside

the bonds which Bacon had imposed upon so many generations, they have not sought to bring forth fruit as the proof of the worth of their system, but have been happy to be barren so long as they have borne no evil fruit, and the tree has appeared to be flourishing in trunk and branch. But at last it seems that one has risen up who is to be the oracle of this brotherhood; at last fruit is borne; the mountain has been in labor—what has it brought forth?

From the midst of this society, which has thrown aside all the inelegant modern striving after gain, manly elevations, and strong mental culture, for the sake of the cultivation of the beautiful—not the beautiful as we have learned to think of it in its highest, broadest sense, but in the more narrow one of beauty in physical forms, and merely as it appeals to our eyes or ears, not as it appeals to our minds—has sprung a poet. There might have been expected from such an one much that was beautiful, much that was graceful, little that was forceful. In his works could be looked for more of the soft and rippling flow of metre, tender harmony, vivid word-painting. And yet what have we? Without being too critical, we are forced to say that the poems of Mr. Wilde are disappointing. We had looked for much true poetry, mixed with not a little that would appear absurd and incongruous to the uninitiated. This little volume contains little of either; perhaps a trifle more of the latter than the former. Viewed as a whole, the poems in the collection are decidedly mediocre.

Mr. Wilde's metres are quite varied, especially for a first volume, and there are not a great many flaws in the mere mechanical construction of his stanzas. And yet he is far, very far from being a master of versification. He fails to suit his metre to his theme, and frequently the reader, so far from feeling an eternal fitness in the union of subject and form, cannot but feel that the bond is an unnatural one. "The Garden of Eros" is a sufficient example of this.

The sonnets are the most numerous, and probably the worst specimens of the poet's work, in the book. In form, they fol-

low the worst and most degenerate type of the sonnet, and even fail occasionally to conform to this type.

The opening division is entitled "Eleutheria." Mr. Wilde is rather severe towards Liberty, in the opening sonnet :

"Not that I love thy children, whose dull eyes
See nothing save their own unlovely woe,
Whose minds know nothing, nothing care to know ;
But that the roar of thy Democracies,
Thy reigns of Terror, thy great Anarchies,
Mirror my wildest passions like the sea—
And give my rage a brother!"

And yet, after all, he concludes that he is "with her in some things," and, reaching forth a kindlier hand, speaks in more friendly terms. But he seems to have a rather uncertain feeling towards her throughout. Liberty, apparently, is looked upon as something rather unpleasant, and yet, perhaps, not so bad as many would represent her. Whether he could lavish his affection upon the Goddess, or not, is a different question.

"It mars my calm : wherefore in dreams of Art
And loftiest culture I would stand apart."

But, fleeing from such a practical subject, when there is danger of the contaminating touch of something earthy, we will find the poet more at home in scenes of greater "culture." In the "Gold Room," a harmony is fitted to that overwrought coloring which so injures his poems. The color is laid on too thick, and lacks the delicate touches of nature.

"Her ivory hands on the ivory keys,
Strayed in a fitful fantasy.

* * * * *

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold,
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spire of the city is aureoled."

And when he sings of

"The barren memory
Of unkiassed kisses and songs never sung,"

his flight has grown too dizzy, he soars too high. As some one has asked, what could be more barren than an unkiassed kiss save the memory of it?

Nevertheless, throughout the mass of over-wrought description and far-fetched imagery, there is here and there a touch of quiet beauty in the less pretentious poems, which seems to indicate that had he been nourished in a sterner, manlier school he might have done something more than he gives promise of at present. He is not the first poet who has been ruined by the school to which he belongs. Even Mr. Swinburne, with his splendid genius, has suffered under the influence of the same sect. Mr. Wilde, unfortunately, has all its worst faults. He holds its theory that poetry is mere song; and while he neglects the influence of thought and the deeper emotions of the soul, he takes the last false step in finding that sensuousness, which defiles this school, also worthy of his art. Mr. Swinburne has kept his later volumes free from what he has himself called "The pollution of that pestilence." But Mr. Wilde has not been wise enough to see in this an example worthy of his emulation. "Charmides," which opens with this fair picture:

"He was a Grecian lad, who coming home
With pulpy figs and wine from Sicily,
Stood at his galley's prow, and let the foam
Blow through his crisp brown curls unconsciously,
And holding wave and wind in boy's despite,
Peered from his dripping seat across the wet and stormy night,"

is soiled by the foul breath of sensuality; and while it contains many lines of unusual beauty, the whole poem is degraded by its low moral tone.

It is an easy matter enough to discover in any book something to condemn. It has been well said that every man can find

faults, the duty of the critic is to present the beauties to our views. The temptation to censure here was too great to be repressed. Still, there is here and there a jewel. Many are spoiled in the setting, but on a closer examination gleam with true brilliancy.

"Serenade" is of a very light, lyric character, and contains some very graceful lines. We quote the first stanza:

"The western wind is blowing fair
Across the dark Egean sea,
And at the secret marble stair
My Tyrian galley waits for me.
Come down! the purple sail is spread,
The watchman sleeps within the town,
O, leave thy lily-flowered bed,
O, lady mine, come down, come down."

The following little poem, "Les Silhouettes," is, perhaps, the best in the volume:

"The sea is flecked with bars of grey,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.

Etched clear upon the pallid sand,
The black boat lies; a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy,
With laughing face and gleaming hand.

And over head the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky."

On the whole the book is of little value. The strong demand and rapid sale speak nothing of its worth, but are only an exhibition of the curiosity that has become attached to its author through his own actions and *Punch's* delineations of *Postlethwaite*.

A LATTER-DAY SINGER.

The appearance of a new comet in the heavens is justly a cause of interested discussion. Whence came it? How long will it be visible? What is its path? Its probable future? we all ask.

But, indeed, several new meteors of portentous brilliancy have of late flashed into sight in the midst of our literary firmament, and but few of us are even aware of their existence; so truly, is this a scientific, not a poetic or literary, age.

The poets of the former generation, Longfellow, Tennyson and the Brownings, do yet receive a sort of legendary praise and reverence, as though we said "our fathers called them good;" but the latter-day singers are like to those monks of Spain, before the conquering march of Islam,

"Who watch in dreams, and dream the while they watch,
See Christ grow paler in the baleful light,
Crying again the cry of the forsaken."

Strange gods rule in street and market. Priests of the muses must in these days guard the sacred fire upon the altar in the deserted temples, that it go not out, waiting the meanwhile for the coming dawn of a brighter day.

But oppressive as this universal science-worship is to true art, the world does not fail of those who, whether we will bear or forbear, still sing, from the simple ravishment of singing. And, so long as there are such, lovers of true poetry need not despair for the art.

Of these latter-day singers, Buchanan, Morris, Swinburne and Rossetti form the chief group; while the last named, Rossetti, is, in many respects, the most remarkable of that group. For Dante Gabriele Rossetti is a somewhat unique character in these times. He is a great poet, yet all his original works make up

but one small volume. A great painter he is, also, but his pictures have passed at once from his studio into private collections, so that the public has had no definite knowledge of him in that art.

He, more than any other living artist, seems to have done high and noble work, both as poet and painter, purely from the love of good work, avoiding, rather than seeking public notice and applause.

But although Mr. Rossetti has appeared but seldom before the public, those intimately acquainted with the history of the Pre-raphaelite movement, recognize him as its "father," both in literature and painting; although Holman Hunt, Millais, Ford Madox Brown, and others, are far more known in connection with it.

Excepting Keats there is no other so brilliant an illustration of the truth, that it is not the how much, but the what, that constitutes the poet. One volume of fewer than three hundred pages—a fifteenth part of what Browning has written—is all; but here are, as one has said, "infinite riches in a little room."

The book opens with a poem, "The Blessed Damozel," which, in conception and execution, is entirely unique. Nothing like it has been attempted. In general tone it is essentially mediæval, and the short, crisp metre and occasional archaisms increase this impression. The poem pictures a maiden in Heaven, standing on the ramparts of God's house—

"—— over the sheer depth
The which is space begun,
So high that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun;"

and looking down the tides of day and night to where this earth "spins like a fretful midge," she watches and prays for the coming of her lover from the land of the living.

There is throughout the poem remarkable sense of harmony, strong imagination and the most exquisite pathos; but the wonderful thing is, that dealing with spirits and the spirit realm, the poet has conveyed the element of real flesh and blood into

his conception of Heaven, without, in any sense, jarring our spiritual feelings.

The following are the first and eighth stanzas of the poem :

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

Here we have what so many poets and painters, in striving to do justice to an exalted spiritual subject, fail to attain to,—naturalness, and yet there is such delicacy, such freedom from "realism," in any vulgar sense, that the final effect is in no way incongruous with the spirit world in which the scene is laid. Nay, to our earthly weakness this ideal of Heaven is even more satisfying than one often proclaimed, which would require the laying aside of all the present characteristics of our nature to be enjoyed.

Rossetti, with a few touches of simple humanity, solves the difficulty, satisfies our longings, and draws a picture that is amazingly sweet and suggestive.

Without any shock we now hear words from the blessed damozel such as "would be as sweet and intelligible to the ears of an ordinary lover as the speech of a maiden still on earth—words with love and aspiration in them, but without any passion that is not exalted."

The maiden still stands on the golden ramparts in sweet reverie—

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come, she said ;"

for had not both she and he prayed for that? And then, after dreaming how she will lead her lover "to the deep wells of light," and how, under the shadow of the mystic tree, she will teach him the songs of Heaven, and how "the dear mother" herself will lead them, hand in hand, to Him round whom all souls kneel, with a little throb of happy pride she goes on—

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
At peace—only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

We agree with one of Rossetti's critics that "this conception of personal love, not abated by the rare atmosphere of a higher life, but purified, strengthened and made perfect, is beyond praise."

Margaret J. Preston has caught something of the same beautiful sentiment in the following lines:

"Ah, painful-sweet! how can I take it in!
That somewhere in the illimitable blue
Of God's pure space which men call Heaven—we two
Again shall find each other and begin
The infinite life of love, a life akin
To angels'—only angels never knew
The ecstasy of blessedness that drew
Us each to each, even in this world of sin."

But even these lines have less of simple and lovely aspiration, more that suggests the passion of earthly living.

Attention has been concentrated on this one poem, not because the best, but because the opening poem, and, in some respects, the one most characteristic of the author. If any are best, where all are so nearly perfect, the best poems in the collection are "The Blessed Damozel," "The Burden of Nineveh," "A Last Confession," "Jenny," and "Sister Helen," but every poem in the volume is a masterpiece of its kind.

Besides the poems, there are also some three score of sonnets and songs "towards a work to be called 'The House of Life,'" and of these it is sufficient here to say that, excepting possibly Mrs. Browning's wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese," no sonnets of modern times can be compared with them in finish, in richness of melody and perfection of rhythm, in completeness and unity of thought.

To conclude, Rossetti is in every sense an artist poet, and every line bears the proof of an artist eye and hand. He has not Swinburne's almost painfully rich and abundant diction, but every word which he sets down is so selected and so placed as that the final effect is wonderfully powerful. All his poems have the highest lyric qualities. Form and feeling are always beautiful and harmonious. Passion and pathos, tenderness and strength, imagination and poetic insight are everywhere present; and William Morris is justified when he says "Nor do I know what lyrics of any time are to be called great if we are to deny that title to these."

CATHEDRAL BUILDERS AND CATHEDRALS.

"Architecture," says Madame de Staël, "is frozen music." No words could more truly express the idea which underlies all the higher products of this art. Harmony is the same, whether addressed to the ear or the eye. Music and architecture both appeal to the same internal sense—the sense by which we perceive the fitness of part to part, and of the parts to the whole, and find in this perception one of the most exalted pleasures of which our æsthetic nature is capable. It is strange that the ages of mediæval darkness—the ages which were stained by violence and cruelty, by the tyrannical rule of feudalism, by corruption in church and state, by all that is harshest, rudest, most discordant—that these ages should have filled England, France, Germany and Spain with the highest ideals of architectural art—

the Gothic cathedrals. In every considerable town they are found, with their stately spires, their delicate traceries and their musical chimes. How these structures, which are the embodiment of the principle of harmony and symmetry, could have grown up during the dark ages of Europe, it is hard to understand. But each epoch has its characteristic art. The art of the Greek was pre-eminently sculpture, and to sculpturesque models all their other arts conform. The remnants we have of their painting and their drama abundantly prove that graceful grouping and statuesque postures were their chief aims. The awakening of Europe in the sixteenth century brought with it painting, and Raphael, Correggio and Titian in Italy were followed by Murillo and Velasquez in Spain, Claude Lorraine in France, and Rembrandt in the Netherlands. Our own day finds in music the satisfaction of its æsthetic cravings, and the composition of a Beethoven, a Mendelssohn, a Mozart, stir our natures to their depths. But the early ages of European civilization, dark and gloomy as they appear to our retrospection, were not totally without the elevating idea of beauty. They were ages of superstition, and their art is distinctively religious. The expiatory offerings of the great were used to rear these Gothic minsters, and often the house of God was built with the price of blood. The men in whose minds these structures first took form were surely men of the highest artistic sense, and the ages which produced such men must not be judged solely by the barbarism of which they are so full. But the names of these cathedral builders are not well known to fame. They are handed down only in obscure traditions, and the stranger standing in the presence of their works wonders what were the lives of those early apostles of art, whose productions still, from century to century, preach the gospel of beauty.

"Dead they are not, but departed—for the artist never dies." Even for us of the nineteenth century, this gospel is still a true and living one, and he who would read it has but to enter one of these stately structures and look around him. The time is dusk, and the horizontal rays of the sun illuminate the gorgeous win-

dows, on which flame the story of man's fall and redemption. The light grows more dim and uncertain, and the spirit of the place takes possession of us. On all hands clustered columns and graceful arches spring into the air, and seem to form a fairy forest of arching foliage. Far down the nave is seen the high altar, bright with its tapers, while faintly from the distance comes the sound of the tinkling bell and the odor of the burning incense carried by the attendant of the officiating priest. The scene is one of enchantment. The solid stone walls seem no longer to rest upon the ground, but to float as vapor in the air, and we wander at will in the realm of pure fancy. The music which was frozen in the walls and columns, melting, and filling the soul of him who knows how to listen aright,

"Dissolves him into ecstasies,
And brings all heaven before his eyes."

But hark ! A sound of real music strikes upon our ear. The organ begins to play, and the gentle notes, scarce filling the church, steal, as it were, from pillar to pillar. The volume of sound increases ; it is re-echoed from wall to wall ; it rolls in a mighty wave along the groined roof. We hear the peal and crash of thunder as it reverberates through mountain gorges, and the sound of the rain as it patters upon the leaves. Again the music grows less tumultuous, and, as it softly dies away, we bow in reverence, feeling that this is indeed the house of God.

No other architecture than the Gothic possesses this ideal beauty. The Greek temple is beautiful in its chaste simplicity and perfect regularity, but there is nothing in Greek architecture which transports the beholder beyond the world of sense into the ideal world. Here, as in all Greek art, the object of art is viewed as a statue which must be complete within its own bounding lines, and suggests nothing beyond what meets the eye. But the Gothic cathedral, like music, awakens echoes in the soul, which roll far beyond the limits of roof and walls, and beat upon that unknown shore which in our most ecstatic moments we see but dimly--the shore of ideal beauty. In their attempts to rouse

men in the pursuit of this ideal, the old cathedral builders fulfilled a noble mission. They were lights in a dark age, and to them in part we owe the more perfect light in which we ourselves live.

THE MISSION OF DEFEAT.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION, BY GEORGE F. GREENE, '82, OF N. Y.

The world dreads defeat. Man who is ever striving for something beyond him is impatient if events retard his onward course. His advance may impede others. The end he seeks may be unworthy or insignificant. Yet he aims at what he considers success. And whether the desire amounts to a holy ambition, a desire to accomplish a life-work along the line of some noble purpose; or whether, as with the Cæsars and Alexanders of history, the aim be for a selfish life-victory, depending on the overthrow and failure of others; in both cases, the love of triumph and the dread of failure are alike universal.

Nor is the desire an unholy one. It is the abuse only of a noble sentiment that deserves rebuke. Ambition preeminently imprints upon character the stamp of manhood. Without it hope would die out of our darkened lives. Without it, earth would become a cheerless pilgrimage, and its joys a mocking delusion. Nature is wise in giving us aspirations. Through them the soul reveals its better and brighter side as the incense of the pure and holy in itself, offered on the altar of humanity, is wafted upward to the gates of Heaven. But defeat exists. It conditions the battle and the triumph. The shout of victory is ever mingled with the wail of the vanquished and the groan of the distressed. The law is fixed. Now a trifling repulse is met; now some Waterloo sweeps away, at one blow, all the bulwarks of hope; or again, Tantalus-like, one is doomed forever to be surrounded by the golden fruit and the sweet waters, but

never to touch them with his parched lips. Disappointment is a part of Heaven's plan. The fact *must* be accepted by a prostrate race. Every heart-beat signals the death of some earthly hope. And so we are confronted by the solemn question of the ages—are the clouds of life to hide its sun at last? Is all to end in the deepening shadows and the chilling gloom? Or may good arise from the lash of chastening, and be found in even the bitterness of overthrow?

Man is not altogether a creature of circumstances. He need not be, indeed, like a helpless boat upon the ocean, "driven with the wind and tossed." There is a power of will within him, and a higher power above him, that may direct him ever onward, turning his obstacles into elements of strength, and changing the storm-clouds around him into rays of sunshine upon his path. False is that philosophy which teaches that the brightness of life is dimmed constantly by its defeats and distresses, and is extinguished at last in the grave's chill and gloom! That brightness may gain in lustre amid the "damps of life," and its glory increase through the very mists that surround it. Thus viewed, failure and consequent sorrow,

"Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Noble natures are strengthened by the trifling reverses of life. The humiliation of defeat ennobles and inspires them, and prepares them for the truest victories in the end. The weak and hesitating may fall prostrate under the rod of disappointment; but souls possessing exalted purposes, and having in themselves real elements of power, in spite of all the world in arms against them, will vindicate their claims sooner or later. Just as spray sprinkled upon burning coals enlivens the flame, and causes it to loom up into larger proportions, so defeat inspires their fervent zeal to intenser action, sterner perseverance, and nobler triumphs. Field, growing in the determination to lay the Atlantic cable, while his efforts failed; Robert Hall,

failing in his first sermon, and converting mortification into a blessing; Columbus, gaining in courage through all the vain attempts to test his theory; Galileo, strengthened in his convictions by their apparent overthrow;—these are examples where defeat has roused the energies, quickened in the race, and appeared a gift from Heaven itself.

And there is yet a larger sphere in which blessings rise from or depend upon defeat. The great onward movements of the ages have seldom accomplished their ends save through trials, hardship and persecution of their champions. Obstruct the mountain stream, and you impart more strength to the current above. You give the waters force by their very imprisonment to burst forth in mad fury, and sweep away all obstacles before them. Cut away single branches here and there from the thick foliage of the forest tree, and it grows stronger from the loss of its members, rearing itself aloft more perfect still in its symmetry and grace. So a cause, blessed in the sight of Heaven, may be strengthened by the sacrifice of individual lives. Their aims may not be gained; earth may appear to them a veritable valley of suffering, and the world considers theirs a useless struggle—begun in folly and ended in defeat. Faith alone, looking down the ages, sees final victory of the many arising from present defeat of the few. If golden sheaves are to be reaped in Autumn, the seed must suffer and perish in the Springtime. "A grain of wheat cannot be quickened except it die;" and the truth has an application here. Luther was persecuted in his mighty work, Calvin encountered revilings and sneers. Wycliff sacrificed everything to the claims of freedom, as found in the cause he championed. The Great Apostle died like a criminal in his Roman prison. Yet all enshrined their lives forever in the heart of the humanity for which they toiled; and by their oppression, persecution, anguish of soul, heralded more successfully the gospel of deliverance and peace.

But there are those whose names are never to be inscribed upon the Temple of Fame, who are never to be classed with the Careys and Howards of our race, who represent no new-born

cause, and all whose life struggle, viewed from below, is a prolonged defeat. Yes; and to those whom defeat at last visits as a dread Nemesis to avenge their folly, cowardice or crime no halo of light may appear to surround the dark messenger—all must end in midnight blackness, in anguish and despair. To such defeat has no mission save to brand deeper upon their foreheads the mark of shame. But what shall be said for the thousands who put forth their noblest efforts, and yet never gain the ends for which they toil? Men of genius, perhaps, whom the world has never found, heroes whom it has never worshiped—the “Village Hampdens,” or the “Mute, Inglorious Miltons?” Their ambitions, too, may never be gratified; and yet adversity, revealing to them the “precious jewel in its head,” may lead them at last into the paths nature and Heaven intended them to follow. It may fit them for holy uses that they now know not of, outside of themselves. Human weakness seldom foretells the issues of its paths, and desires apparently noble often lead not whither they seem. The *ignis fatuus*, playing phantom-like along the ground, may appear a beacon light to guide the weary traveler homeward, while it only marks the presence of poisonous vapor and stagnant waters. The infant may seek to obtain that which, while appearing bright and glittering, would cause only pain and injury if possessed. In either case *love* would re-train from the allurements, and the defeat would prove a blessing.

What is success? What is defeat? Does the world understand their full meaning yet after all these ages of struggling and warfare? Is it certain that yonder Dives, with his chariot of gold and his robes of purple and fine linen, is altogether to be envied above the beggar at his gate? Which will be defeated, and which victorious, in the end? The world's frown may be Heaven's smile. Defeat *here* may be success *beyond*. The struggling soul may be surrounded by the mountains and the wrathful tempests, and yet obtain what it has steadily sought, and receive shelter and rest at last. Down in the depths of poverty such may be. They are unnoticed by men. They are

smitten with affliction. And yet Heaven will tenderly lift them to itself when earth rejects them, and reward their toiling with a crown. For them the reign of suffering will not always last. The cry of Bartimeus will become a hymn of rejoicing—the prayer of entreaty, a psalm of praise. The darkness of night *will* disappear. It now serves to render only more glorious the beauties of the coming dawn.

VOICES.

THE GRADING SYSTEM in general, though a much-abused, is a very useful institution. It has some few faults, but it covers a multitude of sins. One of the accidents of our grading system, we must speak against; we would not write one word against its essence, for, on the whole, we respect it, and consider it a true, though often unappreciated, friend of College students. The accident of the system which we object to, is its connection with electives. Of necessity, relative ranks, founded partly on different elective grades, must be unfair to many. In Fresh. and Soph. years, when all men have exactly the same studies, the system is as just as possible. In the other years the averaged grades mean simply nothing at all. Juniors have only a limited choice of elective studies, not so very unequal in importance or difficulty, and there the fault does not show in its darkest hue; but Seniors suffer terribly from it. Each Senior has four electives, forming a very considerable proportion of his studies. These four are chosen from ten branches, differing very much in difficulty and in the time that they require. Some require only one hour a week in the lecture-room, and very little outside work. Others require three or four, and one eight or nine hours every week. If these must count for grade, it is, of course, impossible to determine their exact relative difficulty, and the only way

is to consider them all as equal. But this is obviously unjust. If a man chooses four hard electives, however industrious he may be, and however much actual benefit he may derive from them, he is sure to be outranked in the class by some man who brings up very inferior required grades by the lazy but judicious use of four elective snaps.

This state of things leads fellows to elect snaps for the sake of grade, instead of choosing those branches which will be most useful to them. You can hardly blame them. Even if a man does not poll for grade, he likes to see his name high on the honor-roll, especially when that honor can be gained by a very little judgment in the choosing of electives; and on the other hand, the conscientious chooser must be aggravated.

Now, why cannot the elective be left out of account in reckoning up the ranks? Much fairer ranks could be made out on the basis of the required studies alone. Of course, the large amount of time which some electives require, would still injure a man's standing, somewhat, but that would be unavoidable. The system proposed would be far superior to the present one. Each Professor could grade in his elective class if he thought it necessary, but these grades should not count in averaging the entire class.

THE general disappointment on the withdrawal of the Maclean Prize of last year, and the great value that was attached to this honor, was amply shown by the action of the two Halls in the matter. Rather than allow the usual interest in the Junior Orator contest to be so seriously damaged, they themselves offered the prize. That such a proceeding for this year—and in fact, for any succeeding year—would be unadvisable, is evident for many reasons. The prize was offered as much for the purpose of expressing the remonstrance of the Halls against such an omission in the future, as for anything else, nor did they expect to be obliged to renew that offer another year. Aside from a

pecuniary standpoint—for the Societies find many profitable ways of spending their surplus funds—it would hardly be wise to set the precedent of permanently supplying the College treasury whenever it ran low. It is generally understood that had the omission been earlier brought to the notice of some of the faculty, who were not aware of the change, the needed funds might have been procured. Whether this prize will continue withdrawn, I know not; but would it not be well, in season to call the attention of those who arrange all such matters, to this somewhat important question? Far more profitable and judicious would it be to withdraw fellowships that seldom have more than one competitor, than to remove a much-needed prize, for which there is such sharp competition, and in which so lively an interest is manifested.

ORIGINALLY, a nickname was a title given in the expression of reproach, opprobrium or contempt. Its use was not applied to persons only. Even abstract qualities might be "nicknamed." Thus Shakespeare uses the sentence, "You nickname virtue vice." But the use of the word has been narrowed and modified somewhat. Ordinarily, the term now refers merely to a familiar surname applied to an associate, by which he is generally recognized. Its use is for the most part based on the perception of some peculiarity in the "make-up" of the person to whom it is applied. Perhaps, indeed, a little of contempt always does underlie its application; but if so, it is usually a friendly sort of contempt, and alone of that kind that ever springs from intimacy. It expresses friendliness rather than contempt.

Students appear pre-eminently to possess the faculty of picturing a character in a single name. The reason seems to be: first, that somehow they can accurately read and understand human nature around them. Probably no class of beings in the world can so quickly form a correct estimate of what a man really is, what peculiarities characterize him, or what his tenden-

cies are. His personal appearance, his voice, gestures, conversation and habits are all observed, and instantly enter into the estimate. And then, their natural and intuitive perception of the fitness of things, joined to an innate appreciation of the "poetry in words," perfects the faculty. It is therefore found not to be uncommon for a man before he has been in College a week to be christened with some apt nickname that is universally acknowledged during his entire course as perfectly and unquestionably appropriate.

It is interesting to note the different ways in which our College nicknames are regarded by different individuals. John J. Jones laughs heartily when he first hears Professor Dash referred to as "Spitfire"—the name is "really so pat!"—and he eulogizes the fitness of the epithet; but when he himself, from his feminine propensities, begins to be generally addressed on the campus as "Susan," his indignation exceeds all bounds. Here are two cronies who are recognized as "Damon and Pythias." "Damon" regards his surname with indifference, or even complacency; while "Pythias" never misses an opportunity to rail with all vehemence against the entire class of nicknames in general, and his own in particular. The difference referred to is occasionally seen outside of the student circle. "Mother A," an eminent Professor, who is recognized as really worthy of respect, and who is in fact loved by every student in College, may regard his title as a joke, and occasionally even refer to it himself in a tone of evident enjoyment; while "Auntie" feels insulted with his appellation, and is prepared to pour forth his vials of wrath upon the head of the luckless student who accidentally refers to him in a free and easy manner in his presence, and who may thereupon be caught "in the very act."

College nicknames are used, we suppose, by the great majority without a thought upon their applicability or appropriateness. They are thus in the main innocent, and are frequently very convenient. At all events, the wisest will accept them good-naturedly, and without a show of offence; for when once recognized their use is irrevocably established. Ordinarily, their

victim might inveigh as successfully and reasonably against the North wind as against their use.

To speak of the Annual Oration before the two literary societies of Princeton College, is to touch on a subject very near the hearts of all the old graduates of this institution. "Hall Day" was to them the great day of Commencement, and the Annual Oration the great feature of the day. As the processions of Clios and Whigs formed at their respective Halls, and with pink and blue badges marched to the Chapel to do honor to the occasion, rarely was a student missing from the ranks. Those, too, who belonged to neither Hall, might be seen in that assemblage wearing their neutral badge of white. Great was the interest felt, and pleasant the remembrances of those days, and we cannot wonder that our fathers, looking back, as they do, to those times with affection and reverence, view with evident disfavor any attempt to do away with this time-honored custom. Were these worthy gentlemen, however, to attend a few of these occasions in their present sad state of degeneracy, we cannot but believe that they would join us in the wish that such a miserable farce be sustained no longer. The mere handful of inattentive students that are present to listen to the usual address, sets forth, far more forcibly than words can, the little interest taken in the occasion. It is almost an insult to ask any one to accept the so-called honor of addressing such a slim audience. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to get a man of any note (without which no full audience can be expected) to speak to us, and those who do favor us, do so simply from a deep sense of duty. Means have been taken, repeatedly, to improve this state of affairs, but without much avail. The truth is that the place the Annual Oration held in the exercises at Commencement, has been taken by proceedings more agreeable and interesting to both graduate and undergraduate minds. Class-day speeches, Junior orations, and Lynde debates offer more amusement and excitement than

does a stately oration before literary societies, and placed as it is amidst such a rush of speaking, the charm it once had has been gradually lost. At present it is merely a dead and empty form. Better that the whole thing were abolished, than to let it go on as it is now doing, a bore to both speaker and hearer, a custom that tends to lessen, rather than to promote, the dignity of the Halls. An earnest consideration of this suggestion cannot be too strongly urged upon both societies.

EDITORIALS.

WITHOUT ATTEMPT at eulogy or rhetoric, without apology for expressing again the same ideas as have already found voice a thousand times, we cannot let the opportunity pass of testifying that the sorrow of the nation is our sorrow. To this we are impelled, not by the force of example, nor by a vulgar desire for display, but because in saying that we mourn the death of our late President, we are saying what we feel. And it seems but fitting that the *LIT.* should express what, it is believed, is the sentiment of the College. Truly, it is a strange fact that here where the man of the South meets his brother of the North, where East and West share in a common intellectual heritage, the news of the death of a man who was a stranger to all of us, whose character many of us a year ago were unwilling to defend, was received with a hush of grief, with moistened eyes and with bated breath, the like of which we have seen but once before, when, on two successive days, two of our College-mates were taken from our very midst. Then, as now, there was a feeling of mingled awe and sorrow, and we felt that we were treading on holy ground. It is therefore a privilege which we value to be able to express, though tardily, our sympathy with the widow and fatherless, our participation in the sorrow of the nation, and our earnest hopes for the success of the new administration.

WE MUST ASK pardon for again urging upon the members of the Junior Class the need of contributing to our pages. One-third of the year is now past, yet few have heeded the call. If it is hard to find subjects to write upon now while you are at leisure, how easy, think you, will it be at the last moment when nothing intervenes between you and the downfall of all your lofty editorial aspirations but the last number of Vol. XXXVII.? An editor, when short of copy, may publish the fruits of an hour's hasty work just before going to press, but he will never accept from a contributor an article so perceptibly "smelling of the lamp."

Further on this subject we would warn all, on no condition whatever, to venture upon handing in articles written on both sides of the paper, and not to use abbreviations which they do not wish to appear so in print.

OF all the educational questions of the day, few have received more attention than that of the comparative merits of the German and American University systems. From the present state of the discussion, it seems probable that no definite conclusion will ever be reached, yet were our claims to pre-eminence fully established, we should still have to admit that in some particulars the Germans far surpass us. Chief among these is the opportunity for original research given by their system. Without doubt, more and better scientific and philosophical work has been done by men in these Universities than by any others. To accomplish the same result without changing our system has been for a long time the aim of many of our prominent educationalists.

The recent action of the younger members of the Faculty in forming an association for the promotion of original work in the several departments represented by them, seems to be a step in this direction. Dr. Scott is pursuing a course of paleontology, with the Seniors, and is also engaged in writing a monograph on the lamprey, to which he gave much attention while in Germany last summer. At the request of Prof. Venn, of Cambridge, and

Prof. McFarlane, of Edinburgh, Dr. Halsted is preparing a work on mathematical logic, to contain an exposition of their contributions to that science. Mr. Osborn is making a careful study of the comparative anatomy of *Amphiuma*. Mr. Winans, in addition to his regular duties, is conducting a class in Sanskrit. Mr. Libbey is directing his attention to histology and physical geography, and Mr. Marquand has in progress a course of lectures on modern logic. The rest of the gentlemen are doing good work in their different departments. Since this matter has been taken in hand so earnestly, we have reason to expect good results. There is certainly sufficient ability in the association to make contributions to science of which Princeton may well be proud.

It is doubtless the duty and privilege of the LIT. to give good advice to every one, but specially is it the duty of our venerable periodical not to let the Faculty go astray for lack of proper and seasonable admonition. In this respect the editorial department has never been remiss, and the present board feels a sense of satisfaction in view of the fact that they too have contributed their mite in this laudable work. Nor would they stop midway, and, having once put their hands to the plow, turn back. They have during the last few weeks been considering upon what subject they might, with most profit, hold forth at the beginning of the College year, and one of practical importance has been chosen.

We wish to speak in the interest of classical education. This department is not what it should be in this College. Philosophy and science certainly are ahead of it, and science has a long lead. There is very little incentive given now to the study of the classics. A few years ago the Stinnecke Scholarship was one of the largest prizes offered by any American College, but even the successful competitor in the Stinnecke examinations might be a man of very limited knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. This year the Classical Fellowship has been removed. This fellowship, however, like the Stinnecke, was but a small incentive

to actual research, for the examination by which it was awarded was upon the most elementary subjects. If a man wishes to make the classics a specialty, the College offers him but very limited assistance. The regularly appointed instructors are ready to read with him a bit of this or that author, a dialogue of Plato or a comedy of Terrence. But as for the systematic study of the classical authors or of the different departments of classical literature, no such thing is known. Again, students have small opportunity of learning what is now being done in European Universities towards unfolding the early internal history of the Greek and Latin languages by means of the study of inscriptions and comparative philology. What little instruction is given on this subject, is given in so scattered and unsatisfactory form that it amounts to nothing.

We have said so much about the evil that we feel obliged to suggest a remedy, although we fear that our advice will neither be asked nor followed. Still, we shall have the satisfaction of feeling that we have done our duty. In the first place, then, it would be a step in the right direction, if, when another classical fellowship is endowed, the subjects of examination should be so arranged that no man could become a fellow of Princeton College in the classical languages who had not a thorough knowledge of the several departments of Greek and Latin literature. It would be a still greater advance if there could be one fellowship in Greek and another in Latin. Again, we would recommend that the elective courses in the Junior and Senior years be so arranged that a student can obtain a thorough and comprehensive view of such subjects as Roman ethics, the Athenian orators, Latin elegiac poetry, or the Greek lyricists, which are now not even touched upon. If, beside all this, some kind friend should endow a chair of comparative philology, our cup would be overflowing.

THE recent publication, by President McCosh, of a small manual of Psychology, to be used by the Junior Class, in con-

nection with his lectures, is but another indication of the liberality that animates most of the Faculty, as regards their courses of instruction. The most conservative must admit the practical impossibility of gaining clear and exact knowledge of such subjects as psychology, from simply hearing lectures, without being able to take full notes. Hence, in a great measure, has sprung the almost universal use of printed notes. These, however, are, of necessity, more or less imperfect, often misleading, sometimes even absolutely incorrect. A work like this of Dr. McCosh's is the only remedy. Containing, as it does, a brief, yet perfectly clear and accurate statement of Dr. McCosh's belief in regard to the senses, this little book is of much value as completely outlining the course of lectures on psychology during first term.

In the way of criticism, little need be said. Literary excellence is not to be expected in a work of this character; there was no room for the author to display his elegant English, for which he is so justly celebrated. Everything has been accomplished that was attempted. The diagrams were drawn by Prof. Macloskie, with his usual care, and are of great assistance in gaining a full understanding of the lectures upon the relations of the mind to the brain. Taken altogether, the book is just what we should expect from one with Dr. McCosh's experience in teaching. The succeeding part, covering the lectures of second and third terms, will no doubt meet with a warm reception when it appears.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

JUNE 18TH—Final examinations close Caledonian games on the University Athletic grounds; '83 bears off the majority of the prizes Glee Club concert in University Hall.

JUNE 19TH—Sunday; Baccalaureate sermon by President McCosh.

JUNE 20TH—Class day exercises of '81 Junior orator contest, evening, in First Presbyterian Church. First prize, McWilliams; second prize, Peebles; third prize, Day; 4th prize, Hibben; Maclean prize, Greene.

JUNE 21ST—Annual gymnastic exhibition in Gymnasium.....Laying corner-stone of the Marquand Chapel Annual meeting of the Literary societies.....Annual oration before societies by Hon. William H. Welsh, '47 Lynde prize debate, First Presbyterian Church; first prize, D. A. Haynes; second, R. D. Harlan; third, P. Van Dyke.....Sophomore reception at University Hotel.

JUNE 22D—The 134th Annual Commencement; Latin salutatory, delivered by E. A. Dix, N. J.; English salutatory, W. A. Robinson, Pa.; Valedictory, R. D. Harlan, D. C.; the Fellowships were awarded as follows: Experimental Science, Arthur A. Kimball, N. J.; Classical, William A. Robinson, Pa.; Mathematical, C. C. Robbins, N. J.; Mental Science, A. C. Armstrong, N. Y.; Modern Language, Theo. B. Schneideman, Pa.; Historical, E. A. Dix, N. J.....The Graduating Class numbers 103.

SEPT. 14TH—New term begins.....Address in Chapel by Dr. McCosh.

SEPT. 15TH—Matriculation Day; 192 new students apply for admission.

SEPT. 16TH—Soph. and Fresh. rush, on the campus: Sophs. victorious..... Fresh. fire around the cannon.

SEPT. 20TH—College exercises suspended on account of the death of President Garfield.

SEPT. 21ST—Foot-ball season opened by the first practice game Gathering of students at Princeton Junction, to honor the funeral train of President Garfield..... Reunion of the Class of '56.

SEPT. 24TH—Class base-ball championship games begin; '82 vs. '84; score, 16 to 9; '83 vs. '85; score, 16 to 10.

SEPT. 25TH—Sunday; sermon in College Chapel by Dr. Murray, on "The Sorrow of a Nation."

SEPT. 26TH—Day of President Garfield's funeral—College exercises suspended; memorial services in College Chapel.

SEPT. 27TH—Base-ball, '82 *vs.* '85; score, 20 to 2.

SEPT. 28TH—Base-ball, '83 *vs.* '84; score, 3 to 2.

SEPT. 29TH—Base-ball, '84 *vs.* '85; score, 13 to 3.

SEPT. 30TH—Base-ball, '83 *vs.* '82; score, 7 to 3.

OCT. 1ST—Base-ball, '83 *vs.* '85; score, 7 to 0.

OCT. 3D—Base-ball, '82 *vs.* '84; score, 4 to 0.

OCT. 6TH—Preliminary Cane Spree. The following were victors: Blye, '85; McMillan, '84; Miller, '84.

OCT. 7TH—Base-ball, '82 *vs.* '83; score, 10 to 4.....General Cane Spree; Sophs. won 13 canes, Freshmen 6.

'74, MR. ANDREW F. WEST, for several years a teacher in the Cincinnati High School, has been appointed Principal of Morris Institute, a preparatory school at Morristown, N. J.

'77, H. F. OSBORN, married recently.

'81, DODD, in Union Seminary, rooming with Charlie Dunn. Seen in his old haunts Sept. 24th.

'81, CRAVEN, teaching in York Col. Institute, York, Pa. Refuses in disdain to answer to the title "Professor."

'81, KIMBALL, ROBBINS AND ARMSTRONG, studying in Princeton on their fellowships. The two first mentioned above engaged in the vain attempt to keep the peace in Edwards Hall.

'81, HABLAN, in town, Oct. 6th.

'81, "BOB" ROBINSON, studying in Leipsic.

DR. PATTON has entered on his duties as Professor in the Seminary.

YALE won the base-ball championship by defeating Amherst in the last two games. Harvard and Princeton tied for second place.

THE CHILDS CUP was awarded to Princeton; Columbia did not row, and the referee decided that Pennsylvania University had forfeited their claims by allowing Hart to row.

THE TREASURER will be in his office, in the west end of Dickinson Hall, on Wednesdays, from 12 M. to 12:30 P. M., to receive subscriptions.

YALE has received an offer of a fine new physical laboratory, with the proviso that \$75,000 be raised to pay the running expenses.

COLUMBIA is to raise her standard for admission.

AMHERST has no final examinations, no Latin salutatory, and no valedictory.

DARTMOUTH has a smaller Freshmen Class this year than usual. President Bartlett still retains his position, the difficulties having been amicably settled. He is to deliver a course of lectures before the Theological Seminary this winter.

THE GREEK PLAY is to be repeated at Harvard this winter.

BELOIT COLLEGE is to have a new Observatory and telescope.

"THERE," said a Senior, as he made a fatal pull at his glove before going to the ball, "I've sacrificed a kid to Venus."—*Dartmouth*.

PRINCETON COLLEGE, Sept. 23d, 1881.

WHEREAS, We recognize the nation's loss in the death of President Garfield, and feel that thereby the College students of America are especially called to mourn a valued friend; therefore,

Resolved, That the students of Princeton College, in mass meeting assembled, express their sincere condolence with Mrs. Garfield and her family, in their bereavement, and that the President of the College be requested to telegraph this resolution to the Secretary of State.

G. F. GREENE,
THOS. PEEBLES,
E. C. PEACE,
JNO. M. HARLAN,
A. E. CLEGGHEW.

CLIO HALL, Sept. 23d, 1881.

WHEREAS, We have received the sad intelligence of the death of our esteemed fellow member, William F. Stoutenburgh, of the Class of 1879; and

WHEREAS, We feel a deep sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of one who, during his connection with this Society, and membership in our College, gained the esteem and love of all; therefore,

Resolved, That while bowing before the dispensation of an all-wise, yet inscrutable Providence, the members of this Society extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, in this their affliction; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and published in *The Princetonian* and NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

For Society,

SILAS HURIN,
GEORGE F. GREENE,
JAS. A. MCWILLIAMS.

CLIO HALL, Sept. 30th, 1881.

WHEREAS, God has seen fit to bring to a close the long life and labors of Hon. J. A. Cuthbert, Mobile, Ala., of the Class of 1805; and,

WHEREAS, This Society is deeply sensible of the great loss it has sustained in the death of this eminent jurist and legislator, who, at the time of his death, was the oldest living graduate of this organization; therefore,

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family, and, in token of our loss, that the Hall be draped in mourning for sixty days; and

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be printed in the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, *The Princetonian*, and the *Mobile Daily Register*.

In behalf of Society,

S. E. HURIN,

W. M. SHAW,

W. W. SCUDDER, JR.

IN Edwards Hall, a room, with a half bed-room, costs \$75. In Rennon, a room, with two bed-rooms, a moderate amount of fresco, decent heating apparatus, and a balcony thrown in, costs the same; and yet Edwards is called the "Economical Dormitory." Where is the goddess with the scales?

On my wall, in motley hue,
Crimson, gray, and golden,
Hangs a group of Autumn leaves,
Midst sprays of moss unfolden.

Why should I prize that tuft of gray?
Is it a silent token
Of earlier vows unchanged by time,
Of love a pledge unspoken;

Of true devotion, that shall laugh
At peril or disaster?
Ah, no! its mission is to hide
A hole within the plaster.

—*Advocate*.

THROUGH the liberality of Charles O. Baird, Esq., the following prizes will be distributed in the Senior Class, viz.: The Baird prize of \$100, to the student adjudged to be the best writer and speaker; a prize for oratory, of \$50, to the next best writer and speaker; and a prize of \$50 for the best poem, and of \$50 for the best written disputation delivered at the public oratorical exercises of the Senior Class. These prizes will be awarded by the Professors of English Literature, Rhetoric, and Oratory, or under their direction. Their decisions with reference to the Baird prize and the prize for oratory may be based upon the work done in composition and oratory, in their respective departments, during the last three years of the College course.

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

THE Gossip has been abroad in the land once more. He has intruded into everybody's business. Nothing has been sacred to him. But in spite of all this he has found little worthy of narration. After seeking far and wide for news he began to grow desperate; hounded on by duty and even more by that insatiable thirst within him, he has greedily pounced upon the College press and listened to every murmur of College life and doings that floated on the breeze. But all in vain. There seems to be a dearth all over the land. Many of the Colleges have not yet assembled, others have been open a few days. All of those whom we have heard from have little to say except to recount pleasant memories of a summer gone, or to send up a wail over unpaid subscriptions, or an even deeper one from the other side of the question over more subscription papers. Lists of the incoming class are also numerous; these are varied in character, some long, some short, still they have some traits in common, and on one's running his eye over them, some familiar and oft-repeated name makes him feel quite at home. We forbear to quote any of these lists lest we should make certain subscription fiends and Hall electioneers gnash their teeth in impotent rage that they cannot get at them all.

Foot-ball is, of course, the subject of all-absorbing interest at Yale and Harvard. The latter has been open but so short a time that work has scarcely begun, but the promise for a fine team is great. Yale is at work and working hard. She has lost several good men by that rather rare occurrence—leaving College. The boating men are also forbidden to play, and this will take away from the field many a well-known burly form. But she is working faithfully to fill up these deficiencies. Good material is already in the field, the only lack seems to be men to come to play against them. A vehicle is supplied to carry any wishing to play to and from the grounds, but even this fails to bring out a sufficient number. This seems strange in view of Yale's usual enthusiasm. Dartmouth is making vigorous efforts to introduce "Rugby," but as yet with meagre success. Still there is hope that the team they will put into the field this year will do them credit. Amherst, also, is on the eve of work, but as yet has done nothing. Columbia has not opened her portals, consequently any estimation of her probable career is premature.

Amherst seems determined to keep far in the van of all other institutions in a liberal policy. All conservatism is laid aside and one by one the time-honored customs go down unwept to the grave. The last innovation is perhaps the most startling of all. That body which has so long held sway over the undergraduate, is, at last, assailed. The Faculty is invaded. The scheme now introduced provides for a senate composed, besides the Faculty, of a body of students chosen from the different classes. This body sits on all

questions which relate to the students. This plan, however, has not as yet gone into operation, from the failure on the part of the students to choose their representatives. The *Student* has a long article in a rather hostile vein, in which it advises that the Faculty be left severely alone. There seems to be some fear of setting up an aristocracy, or it may be they fear the possibility of inaugurating a system tending towards communism. Think of the terrors that shall fill the land when the undue familiarity fostered by such a system shall breed that contempt of the higher powers which it invariably does! or think of the good time coming when the gentle Freshman shall rise in council to advise that this Senior be not permitted to go away to get his clothes on the day of a foot-ball game, nor that one on Glee Club business.

At the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels there is a novel custom. At the beginning of each year the Seminary is assembled and marched forth in line upon a—picnic. All are there, from the stateliest Senior to the most youthful Prep. This picnic is just over. Great was the anticipation, and greater yet the realization. Tastes may differ, but we can scarcely imagine anything more insipid than a purely masculine picnic—not even its own lemonade.

Cornell is in luck. Edward A. Freeman has been secured to deliver a series of ten lectures the coming winter. Truly, this is a great piece of good fortune to those who shall have the opportunity of hearing him. Historical courses are always among the most attractive to the majority of students, and it were hard to conceive of anything being more perfect than a course of lectures from Freeman.

Williams has been renovated during the summer and starts out under a new régime. The agitations of last spring have resulted in a new President and five new Professors. The spirit engendered by the late troubles was such as to make the students look with suspicion on the incoming Professors, but now the sentiment throughout the College seems to be one of entire satisfaction at the selections made. There was some dissatisfaction expressed at first that out of the six only one was a graduate of Williams, but all such feeling seems to have died out.

Of all the unfortunate things that have befallen the athletic interest in American Colleges none have been so unfortunate as the troubles of the Cornell crew. Whether Shinkle is or is not guilty of the charges preferred against him, the boating interest especially and all athletics have been brought into dis-repute by the mere suspicion of such a thing. What could have been more dreadful than to have had a crew sent to Europe as a representative of American College life and spirit accused of selling a race? It is a terrible warning. It has called forth comments such that not even the proof of absolute innocence can entirely remedy their effects.

Harvard's grand success in the Greek Play last winter is stimulating her to further effort. A Latin play is talked of, and the *Edipus* will probably be performed several times this winter. Yale will also be found following the lead of her more successful sister. What the play is to be is uncertain, but that there will be a play of some sort seems almost settled.

The interest in la crosse is being kept up beyond the expectation of the majority of even the players themselves. It is understood that there is to be a College tournament held at the polo grounds, New York, some time before Thanksgiving Day. The prizes are to be very handsome sets of flags and individual prizes to the players on the winning teams. This game seems to fill a place in College athletics which has long been vacant. The men best fitted for it are men who have heretofore failed to find just what they were fitted for. As filling this place we heartily welcome it. But we greatly fear lest it should injure the foot-ball interests. True, no man who has any chance of getting on the team would give it up for la crosse, but there are many lower classmen who by constant practice would make good men for the team by Senior year, who would be tempted by the offer of immediate results to play la crosse to the neglect of foot-ball. Regarding foot-ball as the manliest of our sports, we view any encroachment upon its domain with a jealous eye.

H. H. Boyesen, the novelist and poet, has been called to a professorship in Columbia College. Mr. Boyesen's reputation is an enviable one, the more so from the fact that all his works have been written in a foreign language. Few foreigners have mastered the English language to the extent that he has, and his style, for purity and beauty, rivals that of the masters of English style. It is a step in the right direction when abilities of this sort are recognized by our Colleges. We may well hope that the days of dull, uninteresting class-work are numbered.

The United States Naval Academy is once more in trouble. Hazing is again rampant. Admiral Rogers has done all in his power to stamp out the evil, but it seems very doubtful whether he has succeeded or not. The third-class men openly deride the idea of his measures being at all effectual. Everything promises a grand fight all around, in which the new men will probably have a most uncomfortable time, and the third-class men a long vacation. No class seems to learn the silliness of the thing or the folly of resisting military rule, till a number have suffered for their childishness.

EXCHANGES.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene III.

That the Class of '81 are finally and forever safe in the wide, wide world, that vacation has certainly come and gone, and that the Class of '85 are Freshmen, are three totally undeniable and unimpeachable facts. So all our

exchanges say, and the NASSAU LIT. cannot refuse to acknowledge the truth of their statements. Half of the dusty pile that litters our table are but repositories of the last will and testaments of our dear departed, while the other half "bob up serenely" with "Here we are again; looks natural, don't it?" and various other remarks of like import, and with the same thread-bare witticisms, at the expense of the entering class, which have done service since Yale won the foot-ball championship, and which will no doubt continue to perform their pleasing duties so long as Freshmen are Freshmen and Sophomores are local editors. But what would you have? So much copy *must* be handed in, and the editor is but human, after all. Here are the two salient points: College has re-opened and there is a new stock of Freshmen. Now to an ordinary mind there is nothing peculiarly striking or remarkably comic about these two facts, but with the local editor all things are possible. The process, too, is remarkably simple and attractive. The local man pauses but a moment to reflect, and the mighty brain asserts itself and he writes down, with a calm and reverent smile of peace, "We are re-fresh-ed again and the college world is satisfied." Of course, this style of thing is all wrong and tends to degrade College journalism, &c., &c. Nevertheless, it is the correct thing and we must submit.

While we are on the subject of Freshmen we may as well notice a little poem entitled "Homesick," which we found in the *Niagara Index*. One verse will be enough:

"You ask where I came from? I came far away;
I left the old homestead the other day,
A strange country this, but the people are kind;
The place is so strange, you know,
Well, never mind."

The startling originality of the metre is probably due to the fact that here and there the speaker's voice was interrupted by sobs. We must confess that at first we could not conjecture the precise nature of the gentleman's affliction, nor could understand how any one could possibly be homesick at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, which, as its advertisement in the *Index* states, is "located in the midst of the enchanting scenery of the famous Niagara Falls. In sublimity of scenery it is unrivaled. Southward it commands a magnificent view of the Seminary rapids, whirlpool and great cataract. Northward it looks over the beauties of Niagara's tortuous banks and the wide expanse of Lake Ontario, dotted with sail," &c., &c. "Truly, every prospect pleases." The idea of being homesick in a place like that! Finally, we came across a paragraph in the *Illim*, which fully explains the difficulty. Here it is: "At the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels no student is allowed to go beyond the Seminary boundary without special permission. All letters are inspected by the President. Pocket-money is deposited with the Prefect of Discipline, and the use of tobacco is strictly forbidden." We can sympathize with "Homesick" now that we understand his unhappy position.

The Cornell papers are busily engaged in the pleasing occupation of clear-

ing away the dark veil of mystery which overhangs the late boating fiasco. Shinkel is back again in Ithaca, and he and his late associates are industriously throwing mud at each other. In this they have been eminently successful, *vide* N. Y. papers, but no definite results have as yet been arrived at. The *Era* is printing a serial of deep and absorbing interest, giving a detailed account of the trip. The writer gives such exceedingly good reasons for Cornell's misfortunes, that we should conclude that there was never any use in trying at all. Meanwhile the College press stands off and enjoys the fun, occasionally throwing in a sarcastic remark or two, as much as to say "We thank the good Lord that we are not as other men are, nor even as those sinners above all men, the boating students of Cornell." Perhaps the Delaware and Raritan is our best hold, after all, and boating facilities are not what they seem. Besides, have we not captured the Childs Cup?

We have already alluded to the Williams College *Argo*, as a new and welcome visitor to our table, and we are glad to see that the high expectations we formed concerning it have not been disappointed. The first number of the year is unusually good. The article on the "Poetry of Tobacco," is something both original and amusing. The writer finds abundant material for his theme, in the writings of the old English poets, and works it in in a very ingenious way. The unfortunates who are yet slaves to the vile weed may find some consolation in the following: N. B.—This does not apply to men who "swear off" and on again on false pretenses, and consider all cigarettes injurious except borrowed ones.

"I have a liking old
For thee, though manifold
Stories I know are told.
Not to thy credit.
How one (or two at most)
Drops make a cat a ghost,
Useless except to roast,
Doctors have said it.

* * * * *
"Cats may have had their goose
Cooked by tobacco juice;
Still why deny thy use,
Thoughtfully taken?
We're not as tabbies are:
Smith, take a fresh cigar:
Jones, the tobacco jar;
Here's to thee, Bacon!"

The *Dartmouth* has at last concluded the Reminiscences of Daniel Webster, Historical and Genealogical, for which we hope we are truly thankful. We notice in the base-ball Treasurer's report, a subscription of \$51 received by the Association from the Faculty. This is as it should be. Let our subscription fiend make a note of this for future emergencies. As the principal contributors to the literary portion of the *Dartmouth* seem to be Professors, we shall not venture on any further criticism.

Commencements have already been alluded to, but since the *Oberlin Review* has passed under our hands, we may be excused if we recur to the subject. Out at Oberlin, instead of one Commencement they have had nine, including Class Day. We had the curiosity to count the number of orations alone delivered on these several occasions. Only seventy-nine in all. Truly, Oh! Oberlin, thou hast been well commenced.

The *Washington-Jeffersonian* contains a thoughtful and well-written article on "College Training for Journalism," clipped from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. The writer evidently thinks that a College education, instead of being of help to a man, is really a hindrance to him.

Homer and Virgil never ran on opposition tickets, and logarithms and differentials are poor shot in a political campaign. The editor of to-day must be educated and trained for his profession, by the civilization of the nineteenth century. Other professions may find material help and valuable suggestions in the experience and wisdom of our forefathers, but journalism concerns itself with the things that are. Such, in brief, are the writer's views, and it must be confessed there is a good deal of truth in them. We certainly cannot put forth our College journalism as an argument in favor of the orthodox curriculum. What does the average College journal amount to? A couple of literary articles—biographies as a rule—three editorials of advice to the Freshman, one desperately funny article, and a batch of stale jokes. Western University papers add a couple more biographies and leave out the funny article.

The Columbia papers have arrived, and to all appearances, are still flourishing, although hot indignation still possesses the soul of the Yale editor. By the way, the *Argo* informs us that the *Yale Record* lately copied from its columns a neat little poem, not thinking to inquire into its authorship. It now turns out that it was written by "Sminthens." Natural consequence—Yale editor bored. Take the Columbia papers in future and avoid unpleasant mistakes. The *Spectator* has an amusing poem entitled, "Puck"-ery Poems in which we lighted on the following precious gem:

"There was a young man in a brougham,
Whose face ill-betokened the glougham
That he sought to assougham,
When he called to his grougham,
John, drive to the family tougham."

The *Acta* and *Spectator* take high rank among our exchanges. For short witty articles and gay, dashing bits of poetry they are in the front rank, and the excellence of the reading matter is rendered even more attractive by their neat and artistic covers.

We have received, presumably for editorial notice, "The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln," destined, as its author modestly claims, to be the "play of the future." The whole thing is in wretchedly bad taste, and, in literary character, beneath criticism.